THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

Too true poore ſhepheards *do this Prouerbe find,*
No ſooner out of ſight then out of mind.

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TO MY VVORTHIE AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN RICHARD HVTTON Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honoured and sincere dispenser of judgement, Sir RICHARD HVTTON Sergeant at Law, and one of the *Iudges* of the *Common Pleas:*

The fruition of his selectedst wishes.

TO *sit secure and in a safe repose,*
To view the crosse occurrences of those
Who are on Sea; or in a silent shade,
To eye the state of such *as are decay'd;*
Or neere some siluer Rill or Beechy Groue,
To reade how Starre-crost louers lost their loue,
Is best *of humane blessings, and this best*
Is in your worthy selfe (Deere Cuz) *expresst,*
Who by your fathers *vertues and your owne*
Are truly lou'd, whereseuer you are knowne:
In State *secure, rich in a faithfull* make,
And rich in all *that may secure your State.*
Now in these dayes of yours, these Halcion *daies,*
Where you enioy all ioy, peruse these layes,

That you who liu'd to loue, liue where you loue,
May reade what you nere felt, nor ere did proue;
Poore Swainlins *croſt where they affected moſt,*
And croſt in that which made them euer croſt.
Receiue this Poem, Sir, for as I liue,
Had I ought better, I would better giue.

RICH: BRATHVVAIT.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

THE FIRST PART.

The Argument.

Technis *complaines,*
And labours to display
Th'iniust distaste
Of Amarillida.

The second Argument.

Ere relates this forlorne Swaine
How he woo'd, but woo'd in vaine,
Her whose beautie did surpasse
Shape of any Country Lasse,
Made more to delight the bed,
Than to see her Lambkins fed;
Yet poore Shepheard see his fate,
Loue shee vow'd, is chang'd to hate:

Brathwait, R.

For being iealous of his loue,
Shee her fancie doth remoue,
Planting it vpon a Groome,
Who by *Cupids* blindest doome
Is preferd vnto those ioyes,
Which were nere ordain'd for Boyes:
On whose face nere yet appear'd
Downie shew of manly beard.
Hauing thus drunke sorrows cup,
First, he shewes his bringing vp,
What those *Arts* were he profest,
Which in homely style expreſt,
He deſcends vnto the Swaine
Whom he sought by loue to gaine;
But preuented of his ayme,
Her he showes, but hides her shame.

THE
SHEPHEARDS TALES.

The shepheards.

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.
Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Technis tale.

WHy now I see these Plaines some good afford,
When Shpherds will be masters of their word.

Dory. *Yes*, Technis *yes, we see it now & then*
That they'le keep touch as wel as greater men,
Who can protest and take a solemn vow
To doe farre more then they intend to doe.

Dym.

Dym. *Stay* Dorycles, *me thinkes thou goest too farre.*
Lets talke of Shepheards, as we Shepheards are:
For why should we these Great mens *errors note,*
But learne vnto our Cloth *to cut our* coat.
Sapp. Dymnus, *'tis true; we came not to display*
Great mens abuses, but to passe away
The time in Tales, *wherein we may relate*
By one and one our blest or wretched state.
Cor. *Indeed friend* Dymnus *therfore came we hither,*
To shew our Fortune and distresse together.
Lin. *Proceede then* Technis, *you'r the eldest Swaine*
That now feeds Flocks vpon this fruitfull Plaine:
So as your age, whatsoeuer we alledge,
Doth well deserue that proper priuiledge.
Tech. *As to begin;*
Lin. *So* Technis *doe I meane.*
Tech. *Thanks Shepherds heartily, that you will daine*
A hapless Swaine such grace; which to requite,
Ile mix my dolefull Storie with delight,
That while yee weepe for griefe, I may allay
Your discontent, and wipe your teares away.
Dory. *On* Technis *on, and weele attention lend,*
And wish thy loue may haue a happie end.
Dym. *Which showne, each shall reply, and make expresse*
When all is done, whose fate's the heauiest.
Tech. *Attend then Shepheards, now I doe begin,*
Shewing you first where I had nurturing,
Which to vnfold the better, I will chuse
No other words then home-spun Heardsmen vse.
First then, because some Shepheards may suppose
By meere conjecture, I am one of those
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,

Brathwait, R.

I must confesse that they are much mista'ne,
For if I would, I could strange stories tell
Of Platoes *and of* Aristotles *Well,*
From whence I drain'd such drops of diuine wit,
As all our Swaines could hardly diue to it:
Dor. *Indeed I've heard much of thee in thy youth.*
Tech. *Yes* Dorycles, *I say no more than truth.*
A Prentiship did I in Athens *liue,*
Not without hope but I might after giue
Content and comfort where I should remaine,
And little thought I then to be a Swaine:
For I may say to you, I then did seeme
One of no small or popular esteeme,
But of consort with such, whose height of place
Aduanced me, because I had their grace:
Though now, since I my Lambkins gan to feede,
Clad in my russet coat and country weede,
Those broad-spred Cedars *scarce afford a nest*
Upon their shadie Boughes, where I may rest.
Sapp. *It seemes, they're great men* Technis.
Tech. *So they are,*
And for inferiour groundlins, little care.
But may they flourish; thus much I am sure,
Though Shrubs *be not so high, they're more secure.*
Lin. *High states indeed are subiect to decline.*
Tech. *Yes* Linus *yes, in this corrupted time*
We may obserue by due experience
That where a Person has preeminence,
He so transported growes, as he will checke
Ioue *in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,*
Whereas so vertuous were precedent times,
As they were free not only from the crimes

To

To which this age's expos'd, but did line
As men which scorn'd Ambition.
Dymn. *Now I dine*
Into thy meaning Technis; *thou do'st grieue*
That those *who once endeer'd thee, now should leaue*
Thy fellowship.
Tech. *Nay* Dymnus *I protest*
I neuer credited what they profest;
For should I grieue to see a surly Lout,
Who for obseruance casts his eye about;
In nothing meriting, saue only He
Is rich in acres, to disualue me?
Dory. *No* Technis *no, th'art of a higher spirit*
Than these inferiour Gnats, *whose only merit*
Consists in what they haue, not what they are.
Tech. *No* Dorycles, *for these I little care,*
Nor euer did: though some *there be that feede*
On such mens breath.
Dymn. *Good* Technis *now proceed.*
Tech. *Hauing thus long continued, as I said,*
And by my long continuance Graduate *made,*
I tooke more true delight in being there,
Than euer since in Court or Country ayre.
Sapph. *Indeed minds freedome best contenteth men.*
Tech. *And such a freedome I enjoyed then,*
As in those Beechie shades of Hesperie,
I planted then my sole felicitie.
So as howsere some of our rurall Swaines
Prerogatiue aboue all others claimes, (ought,
That they haue nought, want nought, *nor* care for
Because their minde vnfurnisht is of nought
That may accomplish man: I could averre,

(Howsere I doubt these in opinion erre)
That in my breast was treasured more blesse,
Then euer sensuall man could yet possesse.
For my delights were princely, and not vaine,
Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,
Whose happy purchase might enrich me more,
Then all this trash which worldly men adore.
So as if Pan were not the same he is,
He'de wish himselfe but to enioy my blisse,
Whose choice content afford me so great power,
As I might vye with greatest Emperour.
Coryd. It seemes thy state was happie;
Tech. So it was,
And did my present state so farre surpasse,
As th' high top'd Cedar cannot beare more snow
Aboue the lowest Mushrom that doth grow,
Or more exceed in glory, than that time
Outstripp'd this present happinesse of mine.
For tell me Shepheards, what's esteem'd mongst men
The greatest ioy, which I enioy'd not then!
For is there comfort in retired life?
I did possesse a life exempt from strife,
Free from litigious clamour, or report
Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.
Is contemplation sweete, or conference,
Or ripe conceits? why there's an influence,
Drawne from Minerua's braine, where euery wit
Transcends conceit, and seemes to rauish it.
Is it delightfull Shepheards to repose,
And all-alone to reade of others woes?
Why there in Tragick Stories might we spend
Whole houres in choice discourses to a friend.

And

And reason of Occurrents to and fro,
And why this thing or that did happen so.
Might it content man, to allay the loade
Of a distemperd minde to walke abroad,
That he might moderate the thought of care
By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?
What noble consorts might you quickly finde
To share in sorrow with a troubled minde?
What cheerfull Groues, what silent murmuring springs,
Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,
Fresh flowrie Pastures, Gardens which might please
The senses *more then did th'* Hesperides,
Greene shadie Arbours, curled streames which flow,
On whose pure Margins shadie Beeches grow,
Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whose rer'd tops
The merry Thrush and Black-bird nimbly hops
And carols sings, so as the passers by
Would deeme the Birds infus'd with poesie?
Sapp. *Sure* Technis *this was earthly Paradise.*
Tech. Sapphus *it was; for what can Swaine deuise*
To tender all delight to eye *or* eare,
Taste, Smell, *or* Touch *which was not frequent there?*
Besides;
Lin. *What could be more, pray* Technis *say?*
Tech. *We had more ioyes to passe the time away.*
Dory. *What might they be good* Technis?
Tech. *'Las I know*
They'r such as Shepheards cannot reach vnto.
Dym. *Yet let vs heare them.*
Tech. *So I meane you shall,*
And they were such as we internall *call.*
Cor. *Infernall,* Technis, *what is meant by that?*

Tech.

Tech. *Infernall, no; thou speak'st thou know'st not what:*
I meane internall gifts which farre surmount
All these externall bounties in account:
For by these blessings we shall euer finde
Rich Treasures stored in a knowing minde,
Whose glorious inside is a thousand fold
More precious than her Case though cloath'd in gold
And all Habilliments: for by this light
Of Understanding, we discerne whats right
From crooked error, and are truly said
To understand by this, why we were made.
Sapp. *Why, we nere thought of this.*
Lin. *Nay, I may sweare*
I haue liu'd on this Downe, *this twentie yeare,*
And that was my least care.
Corid. Linus, *I vow*
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe
I euer thought.
Dory. *So* Coridon *did I.*
Dymn. *The cause of this, good* Technis, *now describe.*
Tech. *Heardsmen I will; with purpose to relate,*
Lest my Discourse should be too intricate,
In briefe, (for length makes Memorie to faile)
The substance of your wishes in a Tale.
Within that pitchie and Cymmerian *clyme,*
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,
Who long had in those shadie Mountaines won,
Yet neuer saw a glimpse of Sunne or Moon.
Yet see what custome is, though they were pent
From sight of Sunne or Moone they were content,
Sporting themselues in vaults and arched caues,
Not so like dwelling Houses, as like graues.

Nor

Nor were theſe men ſeene ere ſo farre to roame
At any time as halfe a mile from home;
For if they had, as th' Hiſtorie doth ſay,
They had beene ſure right ſoone to loſe their way:
For darke and miſtie were thoſe drerie caues
Where they repos'd, ſo that the wretcheſt ſlaues
Could not expoſed be to more reſtraint,
Than theſe poore ſnakes in th'ragged Mountaines pent;
And thus they liu'd.
Lin. *But never lou'd.*
Tech. *To tell*
Their loues I will not : but it thus befell,
That a great Prince, *who to encreaſe his fame*
Had conquer'd many Countries, thither came.
Sapp. *For what good* Technis?
Tech. *Only to ſuruey it.*
Corid. *Why ſure he had ſome Torch-light to diſplay it,*
For th' Coaſt you ſay was darke.
Tech. *And ſo it was;*
But yet attend me how it came to paſſe:
By meanes he vs'd, hauing this coaſt ſuruei'd,
With all perſwaſiue reaſons he aſſaid,
Partly by faire meanes to induce them to it,
Sometimes by threats, when he was forc't vnto it,
That they would leaue that forlorne place, and giue
Way to perſwaſion, and reſolue to liue
Neere ſome more cheerefull Border, which in time
They gaue conſent to, and forſooke their Clime.
But ſee the ſtrength of Habit, when they came
To ſee the light *they hid themſelues for ſhame,*
Their eyes grew dazled, and they did not know,
Where to retire or to what place to goe:

Yet

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Yet was the Region pleasant, full of groues,
Where th' airy Quiristers expresse their loues
One to another, and with Melodie
Cheer'd and refresh'd Siluanus Emperie.
The warbling Goldfinch on the dangling spray,
Sent out harmonious Musicke euery day;
The prettie speckled Violet on the Banke
With Pinke and Rose-bud placed in their ranke;
Where chafed Violets did so fresh appeare,
As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare;
Whose borders were with various colours dy'd,
And Prim-rose bankes with odours beautifi'd;
Where Cornell trees were planted in great store,
Whose checkerd berries beautifi'd the shore.
Besides, such gorgeous buildings as no eye
Could take a view of fuller Maiestie;
Whose curious pillers made of Porphyrite
Smooth to the touch, and specious to the sight,
Sent from their hollow Cell a crispling breath,
Arched aboue and vaulted vnderneath.
Yet could not all these choyce varieties
(Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes)
Satisfie these Cimmerians, for their ayme
Was to returne vnto their Caues againe,
And so they did: for when the Prince perceiu'd
How hard it was from error to be reau'd,
Where ignorance discerns not what is good,
Because it is not rightly vnderstood;
Hee sent them home againe, where they remain'd
From comfort of Societie restrain'd.
Dym. Apply this Tale, my Technis;
Tech. Heare me then.

You

You may be well compar'd vnto these men,
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe esteeme
More of your Flocks, *how they may fruitfull seeme,*
Then of that part, *whereby you may be sed*
From sauage beasts to be distinguished.
Dory. Technis *you are too bitter;*
Tech. *Not a whit,*
Shepheards should tell a Shepheard what is fit:
Though I confesse that Heardsmen merit praise,
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.
Yet to recount those Swaines *of elder time,*
How some were rapt with Sciences diuine,
Others adorn'd with Art of Poesie,
Others to reason of Astrologie;
Swaines *of this time might think't a very shame,*
To be so bold as to retaine the name
Of iolly Heardsmen, when they want the worth (forth.
Of those braue Swaines which former times brought
Corid. *Why, what could they?*
Tech. *Endorse their Names in trees,*
And write such amorous Poems as might please
Their deerest loues.
Dym. *Why* Technis *what was this,*
Can we not please our loues more with a kisse?
Dory. *Yes* Dymnus, *thou know'st that;*
Dym. *Perchance I doe,*
For Dymnus *knowes no other way to wooe.*
But pray thee Technis *let vs say no more,*
But hie thee now to where thou left before.
Tech. *I'me easily entreated; draw then neere,*
And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.
Hauing long liued in Minerua's *Grone,*
My life became an Embleme *of pure loue.*

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Dym. *Of Loue my* Technis, *pray thee say to whom!*
Tech. *As thou mean'st* Dymnus, *I did fancie none:*
No; my affection soared higher farre,
Than on such toyes as now affected are:
I doated not on Beautie, nor did take
My aime at faire, *but did obseruance make,*
How humane things be shar'd by diuine power,
Where fickle faith scarce constant rests one houre;
How highest states were subiect'st to decline;
How nought on Earth but subiect vnto Time;
How vice though clad in purple was but vice;
How vertue clad in rags was still in price;
How Common-weales in peace should make for warre;
How Honour crownes such as deseruing are.
Dory. *And yet we see such as deserued most,*
What ere the cause be, are the oftest crost.
Tech. *Ile not denie it (Swaine) and yet attend,*
For all their crosse occurrents, but their end,
And thou shalt see the fawning Sycophant
Die in disgrace, and leaue his Heire in want:
While th'honest and deseruing Statesman *giues*
Life to his Name and in his dying liues.
This I obseru'd and many things beside,
Whilst I in famous Athens *did abide;*
But 'lasse whilst I secure from thought of care,
With choisest consorts did delight me there,
Free from the tongue of rumor or of strife,
I was to take me to another life.
Lin. *To what good* Technis?
Tech. *To haue* Harpies *clawes;*
To take my fee and then neglect the cause.
Sapp. *A Lawier* Technis!

Tech.

Tech. *So my father said,*
Who as he had commanded, I obey'd.
But iudge now Shepheards, could I chuse to grieue,
When I must leaue, what I was forc'd to leaue,
Those sweet delightfull Arts, *with which my youth*
Was first inform'd, and now attain'd such growth,
As I did reape more happy comfort thence
In one short houre than many Twelue-months since?
Corid. *This was a hard command.*
Tech. *Yet was it fit*
I should respect his *loue imposed it.*
For ne're had Father showne vnto his sonne
More tender loue than he *to me had done:*
So as his will was still to me a law,
Which I obserued more for loue *than* awe,
For in that childe few seeds of grace appeare,
Whom loue *doth lesse induce than thought of* feare.
Hauing now tane my leaue of all the Muses,
I made me fit as other Students vses,
To waine my minde, and to withdraw my sight
From all such studies gaue me once delight:
And to inure me better to discerne
Such rudiments as I desir'd to learne,
I went to Iohn a Styles, *and* Iohn an Okes,
And many other Law-baptized folkes,
Whereby I set the practise of the Law
At as light count as turning of a straw,
For straight I found how Iohn a Styles *did state it,*
But I was ouer Style *ere I came at it;*
For hauing thought (so easie was the way)
That one might be a Lawyer *the first day:*
I after found the further that I went,

The

The further was I from my Element:
Yet forasmuch as I esteem'd it vaine,
To purchase law still from anothers braine,
I strooue to get some law at any rate,
At least so much as might concerne my state.
Lin. *I am more sorie for it.*
Tech. Linus *why?*
Lin. *Because I feare me thou wilt haue an eye*
More to thy priuate profit, than deuise
How to attone such quarrels as arise.
Dym. Technis *is none of those.*
Tech. *No, credit me,*
Though I'me resolued many such there be
Who can dispence with fees on either part,
Which I haue euer scorned with my heart;
For this shall be my practice, to assay
Without a fee to doe you th' good I may.
Corid. Technis *enough.*
Tech. *Hauing thus long applide*
The streame of Law, my aged father dide,
Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,
For you all knew him;
Doric. *So we did indeed:*
A Patron of all Iustice, doe him right.
Sap. *Nor was there* Art *wherein he had no sight.*
Dym. *Yet was he humble;*
Lin. *And in that more blest.*
Corid. *He liues though seeming dead;*
Tech. *So let him rest.*
Hauing lost him whose life supported me,
You may imagine Shepheards, what might be
My hard succeeding fate: downe must I goe

To know if this report were true or no.
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,
And had enioyn'd me Guardians *in his stead*
To sway my vntraind youth.
Dym. *And what were they?*
Tech. *Such men as I had reason to obey:*
For their aduice was euer for my good,
If my greene yeeres so much had vnderstood:
But I puft vp with thought of my demaines,
Gaue way to Folly, and did slacke my raines
Of long restraint;
Dory. *'Las* Technis, *then I see*
What in the end was like to fall on thee.
Tech. *O* Dorycles *if thou hadst knowne my state,*
Thou wouldst haue pitied it!
Corid. *Nay rather hate*
Thy youthfull riot.
Tech. *Thou speakes well vnto't,*
For the Blacke Oxe *had nere trod on my foot:*
I had my former studies in despight,
And in the vaineſt consorts tooke delight.
Which much incens'd such as affection bare
To my esteeme: but little did I care
For the instruction of my graue Protectors
Who neuer left me, but like wise directors
Consulted how to rectifie my state,
And some aduised this, and others that,
For neuer any could more faithfull be
In sincere truſt, than they were vnto me.
At laſt, one to compoſe and end the ſtrife,
Thought it the fitt'ſt that I ſhould take a wife.
Corid. *Yea, now it workes.*

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Lin. *Stay till he come vnto't;*
Sap. *And then I know he will goe roundly to't.*
Tech. *Nay ieſt not on me, but awhile forbeare,*
And you the iſſue of my loue ſhall heare.
Hauing at laſt concluded, as I ſaid,
With ioynt conſent I ſhould be married,
One *'mongſt the reſt did freely vndertake*
This priuate motion to my ſelfe to make;
Which I gaue eare to: wiſhing too that he
Would me informe where this my Wife *ſhould be.*
Dym. *As it was fit.*
Cor. *Who was it thou ſhouldſt ha?*
Tech. *Ile tell thee Boy, 'twas* Amarillida.
Cor. Lycas *faire daughter!*
Tech. *Yes, the very ſame.*
Dory. *She was a wench indeed of worthie fame;*
Tech. *As ere fed Lambkins on this flowrie Downe:*
Whom many ſought and ſude to make their owne,
But ſhe affected ſo a virgin life,
As ſhe did ſcorne to be Amyntas *wife.*
Dym. *Is't poſſible?*
Tech. *Yes* Dymnus *I doe know*
Some tokens of affection twixt them two,
Which if thou heard, right ſoone wouldſt thou confeſſe,
More vnfaind loue no Heardſman could expreſſe:
But to omit the reſt, I meane to ſhow
The time and tide when I began to woo.
Vpon that * Day *(ſad day and heauy fate)*
When euery Bird is ſaid to chuſe her mate,
Did I repaire vnto that faireſt faire,
That euer lou'd, or liu'd, or breath'd on aire.
And her I woo'd, but ſhe was ſo demure,

* S. *Valentines* day; on which *Birds* are ſaid to chuſe their *Mates*, with whom they repoſe and partake in mutuall ioyes.

So

So modeſt baſhfull, and ſo maiden pure,
As at the firſt, nor at the ſecond time
She would no eare to ſound of loue incline.
Cor. *But this (I'm ſure) would be no meanes to draw*
Thy loues aſſault from Amarillida.
Tech. *No* Coridon, *for then I ſhould not ſeeme*
Worthy ſo rare a Nymph as ſhe had beene.
But I did finde that female foes would yeeld,
Though their relentleſſe breaſts at firſt were ſteeld:
Continuall drops will pierce the hardeſt ſtone.
Sap. *Did* Technis *finde her ſuch a ſtony one?*
Tech. Sappho *I did: yet though ſhe oft had vowd*
A veſtall life, and had my ſuit withſtood,
I found her of a better minde next day,
For ſhe had throwne her veſtall weed away.
Lin. *Thrice happy Shepheard!*
Tech. Linus, *ſay not ſo;*
If it be happineſſe to end in woe,
Thou mightſt enſtyle me happy;
Dory. *Was not ſhe*
Fully reſolued now to marry thee?
Tech. *Yes* Dorycles: *but when ſhe had conſented,*
Heare by what ſtrange miſchance I was preuented.
Vpon a time a Summering *there was,*
Where euery liuely Lad tooke in his Laſſe
To dance his Meaſure, and amongſt the reſt
I tooke me one *as frolike as the beſt.*
Dym. *What was ſhe man?*
Tech. *A Matron full of zeale,*
But pardon me, I muſt her name conceale.
Lin. *It was* Alburna *I durſt pawne my life.*

Tech. *I must confesse it was the Parsons wife,*
A lusty Trolops I may say to you,
And one could foot it giue the wench her due.
Lin. *Yea marry Sir, there was a Lasse indeed*
Knew how she should about a Maypole tread.
Tech. *And I may say, if* Linus *had beene there,*
He would haue said, we euenly matched were:
For I may say at that day there was none
At any actiue game could put me downe.
And for a dance;
Sap. *As light as any feather,*
For thou didst winne the Legge *three yeeres together.*
Tech. *And many said that it great pittie was*
That such a Parson *had not such a* Lasse:
So as indeed all did conclude and say,
That we deseru'd the Pricke and prize that day.
But hauing new our May-games wholly plaid,
Danc'd till we wearie were, and Piper paid:
Each tooke his wench he danc'd with on the Downe,
Meaning to giue her curt'sie of the Towne.
Sim. *What curt'sie* Technis?
Tech. *As our Shepheards vse,*
Which they in modestie cannot refuse:
And this we did, and thus we parted then,
Men from their women, women from their men.
Dory. *But didst nere after with* Alburna *meet?*
Tech. *Yes, on a time I met her in the street,*
Who after kinde salutes inuited me
Vnto her house, which in ciuilitie
I could not well deny;
Dym. *True* Technis *true.*

Tech.

Tech. *And she receiu'd me, gine the wench her due,*
With such a free and gracefull entertaine,
As did exceed th' expectance of a Swaine.
Dory. *She had some reason for 't;*
Tech. *None I may sweare,*
Saue that she ioyed much to see me there.
Dory. *Yet did;*
Tech. *Did eat, did drinke, and merry make,*
For no delight saue these did Technis *take.*
For I may say to you if so I had,
My lucke to Horse-flesh *had not beene so bad,*
As by some yeeres experience I haue found;
So as of your suspicion there's no ground:
But if I had, no fate could be more hard
Than that which I sustained afterward.
Corid. *Relate it* Technis.
Tech. *To my griefe I will,*
Hauing done this without least thought of ill,
This (as report doth new additions draw)
Came to the eare of Amarillida:
Who iealous of my loue (as women are)
Thought that Alburna *had no little share*
In my affection, which I may protest
Was nere as much as meant, much lesse expresst.
Sap. *Alas good Shepheard.*
Tech. *So as from that day*
I found her fancy falling still away,
For to what place soeuer I did come,
She fain'd excuse to leaue me and the roome.
Lin. *Yet she nere fix'd her loue on any one.*
Tech. *Yes* Linus, *else what cause had I to mone?*
Some few moneths after did she take a Mate,

I must confesse of infinite estate;
Yet in my minde (nor doe I speake't in spight)
He's one can giue a woman small delight,
For he's a very Erwig.
Lin. *What is he?*
Tech. Petreius *sonne;*
Lin. *The map of miserie.*
Tech. *Yet thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil worme*
When he encounters me, redarts a scorne
On my contemned loue:
Dym. *All this doth shew,*
That he resolues to triumph in thy woe;
But how stands shee affected?
Tech. *'Las for griefe,*
Shee is so farre from yeelding me reliefe,
As shee in publique meetings ha's assaid
To glory in the trickes which shee hath plaid.
Dory. *O matchlesse insolence!*
Tech. *Yet shall my blisse*
In wanting her, be characterd in this;
" *Hauing lost all that ere thy labour gain'd,*
" *Be sure to keepe thy precious name vnstain'd.*
Corid. *A good resolue.*
Tech. *Yet must I neuer leaue*
While I doe liue, but I must liue to grieue:
For I perswade me, there was neuer Swaine
Was recompenc'd with more vniust disdaine.
Dym. *Indeed thou well might'st grieue.*
Dory. *Yet shall't appeare,*
I haue more cause, if you my Tale *will heare:*
For neere was story mixed with more ruth,
Or grounded on more Arguments of truth.

Corid.

Corid. *Let's haue it* Dorycles;
Dory. *With all my heart,*
And plainly too; griefe hates all words of art.

The Argument.

DOrycles *loues* Bellina;
Who eſteemes
As well of him,
But proues not ſame ſhe ſeemes.

The ſecond Argument.

Dorycles a youthfull Swaine,
Seekes *Bellina's* loue to gaine:
Who, ſo euen doth fancy ſtrike,
Tenders *Dorycles* the like.
Yet obſerue how women be
Subiect to inconſtancie!
Shee in abſence of her loue,
Her affection doth remoue,
Planting it vpon a *Swad*,
That no wit nor breeding had.

Whom she honours; but in time
Dorycles seemes to diuine,
Since her loue is stain'd with sin,
She'le ere long dishonour him;
For who once hath broke her vow,
Will infringe't to others too.
In the end he doth expresse
His disdainfull Shepherdesse:
Who, when she had iniured
Him and his, and cancelled
That same sacred secret oath,
Firmely tendred by them both;
She a Willow-garland sends
For to make her Swaine amends,
Which he weares, and vowes till death
He will weare that forlorne wreath.
With protests of lesse delight
In her *Loue*, than in her *Spight*.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Dorycles tale.

COme Shepherds come, and heare the wofulst Swaine
That euer liu'd, or lou'd on western plaine:
Whose heauy fate all others doth surpasse
That ere you heard;

Dym. *Say Heardsman what it was.*

Dory. *I must and will, though* Dymnus *I confesse,*
I'm very loth my folly to expresse,
Whose madding passion though it merit blame,

I

I will display't.
Tech. *To't then: away with shame.*
Dory. *I lou'd a bonny Lasse as ere lou'd man,*
For she a middle had that you might span,
A mouing eye, a nimble mincing foot,
And mannerly she was, for she could lout:
And her I lou'd, and me she held as deare.
Corid. *But* Dorycles *where liu'd she?*
Dory. *Very neare:*
Knowst thou not Polychrestus?
Corid. *Who, the Swaine*
That with his sheepe doth couer all our Plaine?
Dory. *It seemes thou knowst him* Coridon;
Corid. *I doe:*
And seuen yeeres since I knew his Daughter too.
Dory. *Who, faire* Bellina?
Corid. *Yes, the very same.*
Dory. *And her I lou'd, nor need I thinke't a shame.*
For what might moue affection or imply
Content of loue to any Shepheards eye,
Which she enioy'd not? For if choyce discourse
(As what more mouing than the tongue) had force
To infuse loue, there was no Heardsman neare her
Who was not rauish'd if he chanc'd to heare her;
And for a beauty mix'd with white and red.
Corid. *I know't was rare, good* Dorycles *proceed.*
Dory. *When I was young, as yet I am not old,*
I doted more than now a hundred fold:
For there was not a May-game *that could show it*
All here about, but I repaird vnto it,
Yet knew not what loue meant, but was content
To spend the time in harmlesse merriment.

But

But at the last, I plaid so long with fire,
I cing'd my wings with heat of loues desire.
And to display my folly how it was
Without digression, thus it came to passe.
Downe by yon Vale *a* Myrtle *grouе there is,*
(Oh that I nere had seene it, I may wish)
Where Pan *the Shepheards God to whom we pray,*
Solemniz'd had his wonted holiday:
Whereto resorted many noble Swaines,
Who flourish yet vpon our neighbour Plaines;
'Mongst which Bellina *with a youthfull sort*
Of amorous Nimphs, came to survey our sport.
Which I obseruing (see the fault of youth)
Transported with vain-glory, thought in truth
Shee came a purpose for a sight of me,
Which I with smiles requited louingly:
But howsoere, I know Bellina ey'de
My person more than all the Swaines beside.
When night was come, vnwelcome vnto some,
And each was now to hasten towards home,
I 'mongst the rest of Laddes, did homeward passe,
And all this time I knew not what Loue *was.*
To supper went I and fell to my fare,
As if of loue I had but little care,
And after supper went to fire to chat
Of sundry old-wiues tales, as this and that;
Yet all this while loue *had no power of me,*
Nor no command that euer I could see.
Hauing thus spent in tales an houre or two,
Each to his rest (as he thought best) did goe,
But now when I should take me to my rest,
That troubled me which I did thinke of least.

Tech.

Tech. *Trouble thee Swaine!*
Dory. *Yes* Technis; *and the more,*
Because I neuer felt such pangs before.
This way and that way did I tosse and turne,
And freeze and frie, and shake for cold and burne,
So as I wisht a hundred times, that day
Would now approach my passion to allay.
Yet still, (so weake was my distemper'd braine)
I thought Bellina *put me to that paine,*
Yet knew no cause why shee should vse me so,
Yet thought to aske her if 't were shee or no:
So as next day, I purpos'd to repaire
To see if shee could yeeld a cure to care.
But she *(poore wench) was split on fancies shelfe,*
All full of care, yet could not cure her selfe;
So as in briefe we either did impart,
The secret passions of a wounded heart,
Shot by loues shaft, for so 't appear'd to be,
Which found, we vow'd a present remedie;
Yet to our friends both shee and I did feane,
As if we neuer had acquainted beene.
Dym. *A prety sleight;*
Dory. *Though many times and oft,*
Plaid wee at Barlybreake in Clytus *croft.*
And thus our loues continued one halfe yeere
Without suspition, till one neighboring neere,
An equall friend vnto vs both, did make
A motion of our Mariage.
Tech. *Did it take?*
Dory. *Yes* Technis *yes, so as first day I went,*
My friends, to shew that they were well content,
Wish'd that all good successe might vsher mee.

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Lin. *One ſhould haue throwne an* old ſhoo *after thee.*
Dory. *Nay* Linus *that was done: and now to hie*
Vnto my Tale, *on went my* dogge *and I,*
Poore loaue-eard Curre.
Sapp. *Why* Dorycles, *hadſt none*
To ſecond thee?
Dory. *Too many (Swaine) by one:*
For trowſt thou Lad, when I my ſuit ſhould make
Vnto her friends, my dogge *he let a ſcape.*
Sapp. *Ill nurtur'd ſtitchell.*
Dory. *Now yee may ſuppoſe*
Bellina *tooke the Pepper in the noſe,*
That to her friends when I ſhould breake my minde,
The carrian Cur ſhould at that time breake winde.
So as for halfe an houre I there did ſhow
Like to a ſenſleſſe Picture made of dough:
Nor was my dogge *leſſe ſham'd, but runs away*
With taile betwixt his legs with ſpeed he may.
At laſt my ſpirits I did call together,
Showing her friends the cauſe why I came thither
Who did accept my motion; for that day
I was eſteem'd a proper Swaine I ſay,
And one well left.
Cor. *We know it* Dorycles,
Both for thy wealth and perſon thou might ſt pleaſe.
Lin. *For good mug-ſheepe and cattell, Ile be ſworne*
None could come neare thee both for haire and horne.
Dory. *Yee ouer-value me, but ſure I am*
I had ſufficient for an honeſt man:
Hauing thus free acceſſe to her I lou'd,
Who my affection long before had prou'd
Though ſhe ſeemd nice, as women often vſe,

When

When what they loue they seemingly refuse.
Not to insist ought longer on the matter,
They deemd me worthy, if they did not flatter,
Of her I su'd; So as without more stay,
Appointed was this solemne Nuptiall day.
Sapp. *Happy appointment;*
Dory. Sapphus *say not so,*
It rather was the subiect of my woe,
For hauing heard reported for a truth
She formerly had lou'd a dapper youth,
With whom she purpos'd euen in friends despight,
To make a priuate scape one winter night;
I for a while thought to surcease my suit,
Till I heard further of this iealous bruit.
Tech. *Why didst thou so?* Bellina *had consented*
To loue that youth, before you were acquainted.
Dory. Technis *'tis true; But seme there were auer'd,*
Though I'm resolu'd they in opinion err'd,
That these two were affide one to the other.
Sapp. *What hindred then the match?*
Dory. Bellinas *mother:*
Who tender of th' aduancement of her childe,
And well perceiuing Crispus *to be wilde,*
(For so the youth was named) did withdraw
Bellina *from him by imperious awe:*
Which done, and he preuented of her daughter,
His Countrey left, he neuer sought her after.
Tech. *I knew that* Crispus.
Dory. *Then you knew a Lad*
Of seeming presence, but he little had,
And that was cause he grew in disesteeme.
Sap. *Alas that want of meanes should make vs meane.*

Dory.

Dory. *So did it fare with him; for his praise*
(Though with his tongue he wrong'd me many waies,
But tongues *inur'd to* tales *are nere beleeu'd)*
He had from Nature choicest gifts receau'd,
Which might haue mou'd loue in a worthy creature,
If that his life had beene vnto his feature.
But promising out-sides like the Panthers *skin,*
Though faire without, are oft times foule within;
But heauens, I hope, to mercy will receiue him,
His wrongs to me are buried; so I leaue him.
Corid. *But admit Shepheard they had beene affide,*
Shee might reuolt, it cannot be denide.
Dory. *I grant she might; and I confesse there be*
Some *that haue done't are greater farre than we:*
But goodnesse is the marke, not height of state
That meaner men by right should imitate.
I might produce store of examples here,
But lest I should be tedious, I forbeare,
What tragick Scenes from breach of faith are bred,
How it hath caus'd much guiltlesse bloud be shed.
This caus'd me for a time to hold my hand,
To see how all this businesse would stand,
And that I might my fancie better traine
From her I lou'd, to Troynouant *I came.*
Where I implor'd my selfe no little time
About occasions for a friend of mine:
For I did thinke to be from place remou'd,
Would make me soone forget the wench I lou'd.
Sap. *I rather thinke it would thy loue renew;*
Dory. Sapphus *it did; and farre more rigour shew:*
" *For true it is, when louers goe to wooe,*
" *Each mile's as long as ten, each houre as two.*

" *Whence*

cc Whence each true louer by experience prones
cc Man is not where he liues, but where he loues.
For what delight, as all delights were there,
Could my enthralled minde refresh or cheere,
Wanting my Loue, *whose only sight could show*
More true content than all the world could doe?
Yet stay'd I still, expecting I should heare,
How in my absence, she herselfe did beare,
And whether those same rumours which I heard,
Were true or false, as I found afterward.
Lin. *How went they* Dorycles?
Dor. *Howso'ere they went*
I found Bellina *meerely innocent;*
Whence I inferr'd, that many times we wrong them,
By causelesse laying false aspersions on them:
For I perceiu'd she had beene woo'd by many,
But neuer yet affianc'd vnto any.
Coryd. *Thrice happie* Dorycles!
Dor. *Happie indeed,*
Till worse euents did afterwaards succeed.
Coryd. *What fate?*
Dor. *Farre worse than ere on Shepheard leight.*
Tech. *Expresse it Heardsman;*
Dor. *So I purpose streight.*
Hauing thus heard all rumours to be vaine,
I streight resolu'd to returne backe againe
Into my Countrey: where I found my wench
The same I left her when I came from thence;
So as in briefe, so happie was my state,
I meant my marriage rites to consummate.
Which that they might be done more solemnly,
All our young Shepheards *in a company,*

Addrest

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Addreſs'd themſelues to grace that day; beſide
The choiceſt Damſels *to attend the* Bride,
For to preuent occaſion of delay,
Set downe on both ſides was the Mariage day.
Tech. *Me thinkes this cannot chuſe but happen well;*
Dory. *Stay* Technis *heare, what afterwards befell*
The Euen before that I ſhould maried be,
One came in all haſte and acquainted me
How Cacus *that vnciuill loſſell, would*
Carry the beſt Ram *that I had to fold,*
Wherewith incens'd without further ſtay,
Going to th' fold I met him in the way:
Who of my Ram *not onely me denide,*
But vs'd me in diſgracefull ſort beſide,
Which I diſdayning, without more adoe
Reach'd my vnnurtur'd Cacus *ſuch a blow,*
As he in heat of paſſion aym'd his Crooke
Iuſt at my head to wound me with the ſtroake:
Which I rewarded, ſo as by our men
Without more hurt we both were parted then.
But ſcarce had Phœbus *lodged in the Weſt,*
Till He, *whoſe fury would not let him reſt,*
Sent me a challenge ſtuffed with diſgrace,
Length of his Weapon, Second, *and the* Place.
Dym. *Then we muſt haue a field fought.*
Dory. *Without ſtay;*
I met him though it was my mariage day,
Though not on equall termes.
Tech. *More fit 't had bin*
T'encounter'd with Bellina *than with him.*
Sapp. *I would haue thought ſo* Technis;
Lin. *So would hee,*

If

If he had beene resolu'd as he should be.
Dor. *Shepheards 'tis true; but now it is too late,*
For to exclaime against relentlesse fate,
Whose aduerse hand preuented that delight,
Which louers reape in ablest nuptiall night. (Swaine;
Cor. *Thou might'st with reason haue deserr'd it,*
Dor. *I know it,* Corydon: *but 'twas my aime*
To right my reputation, which did stand
Engag'd, vnlesse I met him out a hand,
Which I perform'd, and with my Second *too,*
To beare me witnesse what I meant to doe.
Dym. *And he perform'd the like;*
Dor. *He vow'd he would,*
And so indeed by Law of armes he should,
But I perceiu'd his recreant spirit such,
To fight on equall termes he thought too much:
Neere to Soranus *caue there stands a groue,*
Which Poets faine was consecrate to Loue,
Though then it seem'd to be transform'd by fate,
From th' groue of Loue, *vnto the graue of* Hate;
There we did meet: where he out of distrust,
Fearing the cause he fought for was not iust,
To second his iniurious act, did bring
A rout of desperate rogues along with him,
Who lurking, kept together till we met,
And so vpon aduantage me beset,
As fight or fall, there was no remedie,
Such was the height of Cacus *villanie.*
Tech. *Who euer heard a more perfidious tricke?*
Dor. *Tis true; yet though my* Second *had beene sicke,*
And much enfeebled in his former strength,
We held them play, till haplesly at length,

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Through violence of fury, from him fell
His knottleſſe weapon.
Dym. *Oh I heare thee tell*
A heauy Scene!
Dor. *Yes* Dymnus *hadſt thou ſeene*
How our ſhed bloud purpled the flowrie greene,
What crimſon ſtreamlins flow'd from either of vs,
Thou wouldſt haue pitied, though thou nere did loue vs:
For hauing fought ſo long as we had breath,
Breathleſſe we lay as Images of death,
Bereft of ſenſe or Motion.
Sap. *'Las for woe,*
Any true Heardſman ſhould be vſed ſo.
Cor. *What boundleſſe ſorrowes were ye plunged in!*
Dor. *Tis true; and worſer farre had vſed him,*
Had not Dametas *that well natur'd Swaine,*
Repair'd that inſtant to our forlorne Plaine;
Who ſeeing vs, and in what ſtate we were,
In due compaſſion could not well forbeare
From ſhedding teares, ſo ſoone as he had found
Our red-bath'd Corpes faſt glewed to the ground.
Oft did he reare our Bodies, *but in vaine,*
For breathleſſe they fell to the Earth againe;
Oft did he rub our temples to reſtore
That vitall heat, which was ſuppreſt before:
But without hope of life, though life was there,
As Men of Earth, did we on Earth appeare.
At laſt aſſiſted by a Swaine or two,
(See what the Prouidence of Heauen can doe)
We were conueyed to a Graunge *hard by,*
Wherevpon were Surgeons ſent immediatly,
Whoſe learned skill drawn'd from experience,

Brought

Brought vs in time to haue a little sense
Of our endanger'd state.
Dym. *But pray thee tell*
Whose hand expres't most art?
Dor. *Graue* Astrophel,
Whose knowne experiments of Art haue shownе
More noble cures of late on this our Downe,
Than all our Mountebankes *could euer doe,*
For all these precious drugs they value so.
Sap. *Indeed I know* He *has much honour won*
For his admired Cures; good Shepheard on.
Dor. *Hauing long languish'd betwixt life and death,*
Remou'd from thought of loue for want of breath,
As men we liu'd expos' to dangers Sconce.
Lin. *Would not* Bellina *see thee?*
Dor. *Nere but once.*
For hauing heard there was no way but one,
And that in all mens iudgements I was gone,
Shee straight resolues to finde a cure for care,
That if I liu'd she might haue one to spare.
Tech. *Why, made (hee choice of any but thy selfe?*
Dor. *Yes* Technis *yes, and of a dwarfish elfe,*
Whom she preferr'd, (though he could little please)
Before her first loue, hapless Doricles.
Tech. *Inconstant Swainlin.*
Dor. *Hauing heard of this,*
You may conceaue how griefe augmented is:
I straight depriu'd of hope, began to rane,
And would not take what my Physician *gaue,*
But scorning all prescriptions valued death
Aboue a languishing distastfull breath;
Till by perswasion and recourse of time

Those brain-sicke passions and effects of mine
Depressed were: so as vpon a day,
The burden of my sorrowes to allay,
And to expresse the nature of my wrong,
I set my hand to pen, and made a Song.
Dym. *Good* Dorycles *let's heare what it may be,*
It cannot but be good if't come from thee.
Dor. *Shepheards you shall; and if you thinke it fit,*
I lou'd her once, *shall be the* Tune *of it.*
Tech. *No* Tune *more proper; to it lonely Swaine.*
Dor. *Attend then Shepherds to my dolefull straine.*

THe faireſt faire that euer breath'd ayre,
Feeding her Lambkins on this Plaine;
To whom though many did repaire,
I was eſteem'd her deareſt Swaine.
To me ſhe vow'd, which vow ſhe broke,
That ſhe would fancie me or none.
But ſince ſhe has her Swaine forſooke,
I'le take me to a truer one.

Had ſhe beene firme, as ſhe was faire,
Or but perform'd what ſhe had vow'd,
I might haue ſung a fig for care,
And ſafely ſwum in fancies flood;
But ô the ſtaine of womanhood!
Who breakes with one, keepes touch with none;
Wherefore in hate to ſuch a brood,
I'le take me to a truer one.

Was't not enough to breake her vow,
And quit my loue with ſuch diſdaine,

But ſcornfully deride me too,
With ſcoffes to gratifie my paine?
But ſince my labours are in vaine,
Ile ſpend no more my time in mone,
But will my former loue diſclaime,
And take me to a truer one.

Who euer liu'd and ſhew'd more loue,
Or leſſe expreſt what ſhe did ſhow?
Who ſeeming firme ſo falſe could proue,
Or vow ſo much, and ſlight her vow?
But ſince I doe her nature know,
I am right glad that ſhe is gone;
For if I ſhoot in *Cupids* bow,
I'le take me to a truer one.

More faithleſſe faire nere ſpoke with tongue,
Or could proteſt leſſe what ſhe thought;
Nere Shepheard ſuffer'd greater wrong,
Or for leſſe profit euer wrought;
But ſince my hopes are turn'd to nought,
May neuer Heardſman make his mone
To one whoſe mold 's in weakneſſe wrought,
But take him to a truer one.

Cor. *May all poore Swaines be henceforth warn'd by thee;*
But didſt thou neuer ſince Bellina *ſee?*
Dor. *Yes, and her louely ſpouſe* Archetus *too,*
Who ſeeing me (quoth he) There doth he goe,
Who on a time, as I enformed am,
Would loſe his Laſſe *before he loſt his* Ram;
Which I retorted, ſaying, I thought beſt,

My butting Ram *should be his worships creſt,*
Whoſe broad-ſpread frontlets did preſage what fate
Would in ſhort time attend his forked pate.
Sap. *Thou hit him home my* Dorycles; *but ſay,*
What ſaid ſhe to thee?
Dor. *Bit lip, and away;*
Though the next morne, my ſorrow to renew,
Shee ſent a Willow wreath *faſt bound with* Rew,
Which I accepted, but that I might ſhow
I neuer rue her breach of promiſe now,
The Rew *that tyde my* Wreath *I threw aſide,*
And with Hearts eaſe *my* Willow garland *tyde.*
Lin. *A good exchange.*
Dor. *Now Shepheards you haue heard*
My faithfull loue, and her vniuſt reward;
Did euer Swaine enioy the light of Sunne,
That bare ſuch iniuries as I haue done?
Tech. *Indeed thy wounds were great;*
Dym. *Yet mine as wide.*
Dor. *I miſt my* Loue, *and loſt my* blood *beſide.*
Dym. *Suſpend thy iudgement, and thine eare incline*
Vnto my Tale, *and thou wilt yeeld to mine.*
Coryd *Let's haue it* Dymnus;
Dym. *Heard man ſo thou ſhalt,*
Yet if I weepe, impute it to the fault
Of my ſurcharged heart, which ſtill appeares
The beſt at eaſe, when eyes are full'ſt of te—

The

The Argument.

DYmnus Palmira
Woes to be his Wife,
But she had vow'd
To liue a single life.

The second Argument.

Dymnus with long looking dim,
Loues the wench that lotheth him;
Price nor praier may not perswade
To infringe the vow she made;
Hauing meant to liue and die
Vesta's virgin votarie.
Yet at last she seemes to yeeld
To her loue-sick *Swaine* the field,
So that he will vndertake
Three yeares silence for her sake:
Which hard Pennance he receaues,
And performes the taske she craues.
But while he restraines his tongue,
Shee pretends the time's too long:
Wherefore she doth entertaine
In her breast another *Swaine*.

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Dymnus hauing heard of this,
H'es to th' place where th' marriage is,
Purposing to make a breach
By dumbe signes, though want of speech:
But alas they all command him
Silence, cause none vnderstand him.
Thus he suffers double wrong,
Losse of *wench*, and losse of *tongue*,
For till three yeares were expir'd,
He nere spoke what he desir'd,
All which time consum'd in dolour,
Hee' playes her in her colour;
And concluding, wisheth no man
Lose his tongue to gaine a woman:
And to cheere his pensiue heart,
With a *Song* they end this *part*.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Dymnus tale.

VPon a time while I did liue on Teese,
I made loue to a wench my friends to please,
But (as my fate was still) it would not be,
For wooe I knew not how, no more than she:
Yet I can well remember this she said,
For ought she knew, she meant to die a Maid,
A Vestall *Virgin, or a Votaresse,*
A cloyster'd Nun, or holy Prioresse;
To which I answer'd, if 't were her desire
To be a Nun, *I meant to turne a* Frier,
So might it chance that we againe should meet,
Where the Nun *and* Frier *might play at Barly-breake.*

Cor.

Cor. *Where liu'd thy Loue?*
Dym. *Neere th' bottome of the hill,*
Betweene Pancarpus *temple and the mill,*
There liu'd my faire Palmira, *who I say,*
'Mongst all our wenches bore the Palme *away:*
And her I lou'd and lik'd, and su'd and sought,
But all my loue and labour turn'd to nought;
For she had vow'd, which vow should neere be broke,
Shee'd die a Maid, *but meant not as she spoke.*
Dor. *No* Dymnus, *no, the niceſt sure I am,*
Would liue a Maid if 't were not for a man;
But there is none of them can brooke so well,
To be a Beareward and leade Apes in Hell.
Dym. *True* Dorycles, *for in processe of time,*
I found her maiden humour to decline:
For she did grant the boone which I did aske,
Vpon condition of a greater taske.
Lin. *What heauie censure might this* taske *afford?*
Dym. *That for three yeeres I should not speake a word.*
Cor. *Alas poore Swaine, this* taske *which she prepar'd,*
In all my time the like was neuer heard.
Dor. *But this same* silent taske *had harder bin,*
If she had prou'd what she enioyned him:
For none can doe a woman greater wrong,
Than barre her from a priuiledge of tongue.
Sap. *A womans tongue 's a clapper in the winde,*
Which once a foot, can neuer be confinde;
But to thy taske, *good* Dymnus.
Dym. *To proceed,*
What she enioyn'd I did performe indeed:
For I appear'd as one depriu'd of speech,
Yet were my friends vnto my aimes could reach;

But much lamented that a Swaine so young,
And promising, should lose his vse of tongue.
Tech. *I wonder how thou could expresse thy minde?*
Dym. *Onely by dumbe signes, so as I did finde*
Within short time, a great facilitie
In that hard taske which she imposed me.
Lin. *Hardest aduentures oft the easiest seeme,*
Only for loue of such inioined them. (ease
Dym. *And such were mine; when others talk'd with*
Of this and that, I euer held my peace;
Others sung Carols of their fairest faire,
But I in silent measures had a share;
Others discours'd of pleasures of the time,
And I approu'd them with a secret signe.
Others could court, as Shepheards vse to doe,
Which I could doe as well, but durst not show:
For all my aymes and purposes did tend
To gaine my Loue, *and for no other end.*
Cor. *Did not performance of this* taske *obtaine*
That prize of loue which thou desir'd to gaine?
Dym. *No* Corydon; *for though I did obey,*
Shee thought three yeares too long a time to stay,
So as her dumbe knight *she did straight disclaime,*
And tooke her selfe vnto another Swaine.
Sap. *Disloyall wench!*
Dym. *Yet 'las what remedie;*
A mariage is intended solemnlie:
Which that it might more priuatly be caried,
In a retyred Cell *they must be maried.*
Tech *Vnhappy* Swaine!
Dym. *So did I then appeare:*
For when the mariage came vnto my eare,

I straight repair'd to th' Cell right speedily,
Where these sad rites solemniz'd were to be.
Straite was the Gate kept by a Porter grim,
Who guards the doore that none should enter in:
But I, as time requir'd, resolu'd to venter,
Did boldly knock, and knocking freely enter;
Where entring in, each casts his eye about,
Some full of feare, as others were of doubt,
What my approach should meane; but to be briefe,
(Short tales seeme long that doe renue our griefe)
The Priest pronouncing, iustly as I came,
Who gives her to be maried to this man?
I rush'd into the croud, their hands to breake,
And gladly would haue spoke but durst not speake:
At which attempt, some strange constructions had,
And verily imagin'd I was mad;
Others suspecting what I did intend,
Thought that my aymes were to no other end,
Than to preuent the Mariage for that time,
And afterwards perswade her to be mine.
Nor were their iudgements erring, for I thought
By my deuice to haue this Proiect wrought
Only by dumbe signes: sometimes would I show
With eyes heau'd vp to Heauen her breach of vow;
Sometimes in violent manner would I seeme
As if through loue I had distracted beene,
Pulling my deare Palmira from his hand,
Who to receiue her for his Spouse did stand.
Sometimes, as Men in sorrowes plunged deepe
And could not vtter them, I'gan to weepe,
And wash the Temple with a brinie flood,
Yet all this while I was not vnderstood:

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For in despite of all that I could doe,
I was restrain'd, and she was married too.
Cor. *What discontent might equall this of thine?*
Dym. *Yet though I bore it sharply for the time,*
I afterwards, and haue done euer since,
Borne this disgrace with greater patience. (end!
Lin. *Yet* Dymnus *thou wast* dumbe *till three yeeres*
Dym. *Yes* Linus, *and as truly did intend*
What she enioyned me, as I desir'd
To marrie her, when those three yeeres expir'd:
Which come and past, I then expresst my griefe,
Finding apt words to tender me reliefe;
" *For woes doe labour of too great a birth,*
" *That want the helpe of words to set them forth.*
Tech. *But didst thou nere display her hatefull shame?*
Dym. *In generall I did, but not by name,*
Nor euer will: my purpose is to liue
And laugh at loue, and no occasion giue
Of inst offence to her or any one,
Or silently consume my time in mone,
Frequenting shadie Lawnes in discontent,
Or to the Ayre my fruitlesse clamors vent.
Though I resolue, if ere I make my choice,
In better sort and measure to rejoyce
Than I haue done;
Dor. *Or else I'me sure thy share*
Though it decrease in ioy, will grow in care.
Dym. *I know it will: Now as my wrong was great,*
And greater farre than I could well repeat,
This shall be my Conclusion; There is no Man
Wise that will lose his tongue for any Woman:
For sure I am that they will be more prone

(Such

(Such is their guize) to triumph ouer one
When they haue drawne him headlong to their traine,
Than such as on more firmer grounds remaine.
" Fly Women, they will follow (still say I)
" But if ye follow women, they will fly.
Tech. *Rightly opinion'd* Dymnus; *but t'allay*
Thy grounded griefe, and to conclude the day,
Let's haue a Song;
Dor. Technis *with all my heart.*
Dym. *Though I'ue small mind to sing, I'le beare a part.*
Cor. *And you too* Sapphus;
Sap. *Yes, and* Linus *too*;
Lin. *Yes, I my Art amongst the rest will show.*
Dor. *To it then freely: safely sing may we,*
Who haue beene slaues to Loue, but now are free.

Tech. TEll me Loue what thou canst doe?
Dor. Triumph ore a simple Swaine;
Dym. Binding him to such a vow;
Cor. As to make his griefe thy gaine.
Sap. Doe thy worst thou canst doe now;
Lin. Thou hast shot at vs in vaine.
All. For we are free, though we did once complain.

Dor. Free we are as is the ayre;
Tech. Or the siluer-murm'ring spring.
Dym. Free from thought or reach of care;
Cor. Which doe hapelesse Louers wring.
Sap. Now we may with ioy repaire;
Lin. To our gladsome Plaines and sing;
All. And laugh at Loue, and call't an idle thing.

Dym.

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Dym. Sport we may and feede our Sheepe,
Dor. And our Lamkins on this Downe;
Tech. Eat and drinke, and soundly sleepe,
Cor. Since these stormes are ouer blowne;
Sap. Whilst afflicted wretches weepe,
Lin. That by loue are ouerthrowne:
All. For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

Cor. Here we rest vpon these rocks;
Dym. Round with shadie *Iuy* wreath'd;
Dor. Ioying in our woolly flocks;
Tech. On these Mountaines freely breath'd;
Sap. Where though clad in russet frocks,
Lin. Here we sport where we are heath'd:
All. Our only care to see our Pastures freath'd.

Sap. Thus we may retire in peace;
Cor. And though low, yet more secure,
Dym. Then those Men which higher prease;
Dor. *Shrubs* than *Cedars* are more sure:
Tech. And they liue at farre more ease,
Lin. Finding for each care a cure.
All. Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

Lin. For wherein consists earths blisse,
Sap. But in hauing what is fit?
Cor. Which though greater men doe misse;
Dym. Homely Swaines oft light of it.
Dor. For who's he that liuing is,
Tech. That in higher place doth sit,
All. Whose sly Ambition would not higher git.

Tech.

Tech. Let vs then contented be,
Dor. In the portion we enioy;
Cor. And while we doe others see,
Sap. Tosse'd with gusts of all annoy;
Dym. Let vs say this feele not we:
Lin. Be our wenches kinde or coy,
All. We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

Dor. *Let's now retire, it drawes to Euening time,*
Next Tale *my* Corydon, *it must be thine.*
Tech. *Which may be done next day we hither come,*
Meane time, let's fold our flocks and hye vs home.

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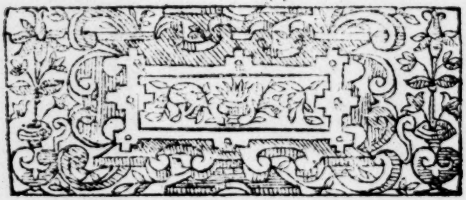

A Paſtorall Palinod.

THeſe Swains *like dying* Swans *haue ſung their laſt,*
And ioy in thinking of thoſe woes *are paſt;*
For woes *once paſt, like pleaſing* paſtimes *ſeeme,*
And ioy vs more than if they had not beene. (Plaines,
Such Layes *become theſe* Launes, *ſuch* Plaints *theſe*
Great men may higher *haue, no* heuier *ſtraines;*
For Swains *their* Swainlins *loue, and woe them too,*
And doe as much as brauer outſides doe.
But Heardſmen *are retired from their ſhade*
Of Myrtle *ſprayes and ſprigs of* Oſyer *made,*
With purpoſe to reuiſit you to morrow,
Where other three *ſhall giue new life to ſorrow:*
Meane time repoſe, leſt when the Swaine *appeares,*
You fall aſleepe when you ſhould flow with teares.

FINIS.

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Brathwait, R.